

SEPTEMBER 1956

BOLD

59
A.C.



A TOP
PHOTOGRAPHER
PICKS HIS
SULTRIEST
MODELS

•
Secrets of
the World's
Greatest
Lovers



A model generally has to stand up while posing. But one rebellious beauty, Jayne Johnson, decides to take it easy.

Enterprise Magazine
Management, Inc.
Publishers of
BOLD: TEEN
and PICTURE WEEK



SEPTEMBER, 1956
VOL. 3 NO. 3

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Copyright © 1956 by Enterprise Magazine Management, Inc. BOLD is published weekly on the 15th of each month. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to BOLD, 410 West 125th Street, New York 28, N.Y. Second-class bulk postage paid at New York, N.Y.



In ancient times,
Sparta was a great
city. Great she
must become again,
because . . .

SPARTA STANDS FOR STRENGTH

By SPARTA

I AM KOSTA, the strongest man in Sparta, perhaps the strongest man in the world. I would bring back the cult of strength that made our ancestors the most respected and feared people in all the Greek cities.

Today, in my country of Sparta, the soft ones grow more plentiful by the day. They are the merchants and the silk worm growers: the fearful little men who defile this once great city. They would turn Sparta into a meek replica of themselves, a haven for soft bellies and flabby muscles and weak wills.

But this I shall not let them do. For I am Kosta (cost'd)

I stand before the crowds and across my chest is the emblem: "My strength is the people's love." Our youth must be trained in gymnasiums as they were in the days of ancient Sparta (Spartan).



SPARTA . . .

And my strength shall become the strength of my people. I shall bring back the old values that once made Sparta a giant among nations.

Each year, to inflame the interests of the people of Greece, I tour the country with my proteges. I town all the great athletes of Greece. Those who enter the Olympics all come from my Sparta, as is but to be expected.

We roam the countryside. And the people of the villages await us as they do the Carnival. For weeks before, they speak eagerly to one another in anticipation of my arrival.

Then we perform in the main arena of the town. Across my chest is the legend: "My strength is the people's love."

The little boys and girls crowd about me to feel the iron of my muscles. Their eyes bulge, their

When ancient Sparta grew weak (1), foreigners came and tore down the stone buildings. I would give Sparta its strength back again. Before I stretch out on square. Students place drum of heroism upon my chest, then thirty of them laughingly put all their weight on planks over drum. I laugh too, for I am the mighty Kostas.



mouths speak astonished "ohs and ahs." The young men of the village shrink behind, ashamed by the comparison. The young girls press close, their liquid eyes drinking in the hard magic of my strength.

Then the contests begin.

I am Kostas. And few people will believe my strength until they see it with their own eyes. I hold my arms at my side. And the combined strength of twelve men

SPARTA . . .

cannot force those arms apart. With my teeth I pull a full-sized truck with three-score people aboard. With those same teeth, I rip out 12-inch nails deeply embedded in a wooden pole. The people applaud, then become silent for my last feat. Five men place a heavy drum filled with kerosene upon my chest. Then a plank over that. And then thirty people support themselves with all their weight on that plank. I only laugh. For I am Kosta, the strongest.

That was the temper of strength of the old days.



Left: I break a huge stone upon the chest of my grapple, the youngster, George Tzoukas. Right: Another of my pupils, Parolelis Tzoukakis, uses teeth to pull out 8" nails sunk 3" deep into board.



For weeks before my arrival, the small children of the village eagerly await the day when Kosta shall perform for them. Posters and photos heralding the big event are put up for all to see.

Then Sparta was a city-state, independent of any country called Greece. Then the youth were not pampered, to have their manhood sucked away from them by the preachings of women and old men. The young were trained from babyhood as soldiers. They knew not the word "luxury." Cunning and hardness were the raw essentials of their existence.

If they were not cunning or hardy enough, they soon perished.

Some of that training I, Kosta, would bring back to this city. I am not a man of war. But weakness breeds the temptation in others to war upon you. When Sparta was strong, all others trembled at her name. But with the centuries she weakened. Then came the Byzantines, and the French and the Turks. They brazenly tore



SPARTA . . .

down the old city, taking the stones away for use in building their own homes. A stone quarry. That was what weakness made of old Sparta.

Sparta is no land for weaklings. There is one correct way of life. One only. To glory in the power of your body. It is bad to put the puny away in sanitariums. Only the strong should survive, that their strength may be carried and reinforced in the seed from generation to generation. Preserve the sickly, keep them in sanitariums, and you soon will have a nation of people who must be kept in sanitariums.

The old ones also come to watch my might with their bleary eyes. They shake their heads in confusion. My strength scares and worries them. I laugh at the fear in their faces. They preach of soft ways to their children. But their throats are old and parched, and their words are blessings lost in the wind. There are tiny voices. I preach to the young. They hear only my voice. The young are always the true worshippers of strength. End

The students eagerly participate in our tests of strength. About twenty-five of them try to pull apart the arms of my pupil George. They fail—and George is but a youngster himself. He I grab up in my bare teeth and haul a heavy truck with thirty students in it. Such is the strength of Kohn-

A top photographer picks the

Sultriest Models

Herbert Flatow photographs thousands of models annually. Here he chooses four of the best.

IN RECENT YEARS, the number of magazines throughout the country featuring glamour photographs has risen to unheard-of proportions. Startlingly enough, however, the number of photographers who are really tops in the field has remained constant—under twenty. Many more have entered professional competition, but the true artists are still rare.

One in the exclusive class is Herbert Flatow, a lensman whose works have appeared in major magazines here and in other countries. In his modest studio in the heart of New York, Flatow has turned out glamour photographs with the same high level of quality for many years. In addition to knowing straight photo-

One of the hardest tasks in glamour photography is placing model in a pose which looks perfectly natural and relaxed, which is highly complimentary to her, and yet which has not been done a thousand times. Flatow achieves this effect with model Bessie Evans.





... SULTRIEST

graphic technique, however, he finds that a good cameraman must also have a talent for spotting. "He must have the ability to spot the latent, not so obvious beauty in a woman. It is not always so easy as the average person might think."

A photographer, Flatow went on, must often be the first to discover talented young girls. "If they are real stunners, then eventually they go to more specialized fields, like the movies, where they either become inaccessible or too costly as straight models."

Thus the photographer tries to find a lovely girl when she is just on the threshold of her career, still relatively unknown.

In fact, top photographers often engage in a guessing game

for beauty that glen through the revealing folds of a black lace negligee. Flatow chooses soft-lighted portrait of Kitt Cooper in pensive mood,

... SULTRIEST

Props are invaluable aid in creating strong mood in a portrait. In this study of Marianne Olsen, Flatow uses open window and softly rustling curtains to give scene the flavor of a midsummer night



Flatow does not work in New York alone. Here, at Las Vegas, he catches the glances of backstage life in this appealing photo of chorus girl Nancy Queen moving between acts of her nightclub performance.

among themselves wherein they figure out how many of the young girls they have snapped will go on to become famous actresses or entertainers. In this informal game, Flatow has always maintained a high score. He has an unerring ability to spot the budding beauty in young ladies.

This is one of the talents that has kept him on top in a field that is usually flooded with new photographers. From the countless girls who have appeared before his camera, Flatow has picked four of those he rates as his sultriest. They are also among the models most likely to become stars. You may run across their names here for the first time. But odds are it will not be the last.

END

Throughout history, he has been a symbol of evil. The facts dispel an ancient myth about . . .

THE NOT-SO- DEADLY SERPENT



"Hemlock" coils its slender length for strike or corner. The Texas rattlesnake is one of four poisonous species found in United States

EVEN SINCE THE Garden of Eden, the snake has played the role of villain in the story of mankind.

One man who rejects this conception of the snake's part in the scheme of things is George W. Dardorff. In his new book, *What You Should Know About Snakes* (Citadel Press, \$3.95), Mr. Dardorff explodes many misconceptions about the much-maligned reptilian family.

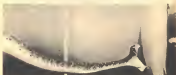
The writer points out that the great majority of snakes are non-poisonous. He describes them as intelligent, timid creatures who prefer to be friendly rather than vicious, and will only fight to defend themselves when cornered. In disposition, they are much like cats and dogs. With patience, they can actually be tamed. Most of them come to enjoy being petted.

The widespread fear of snakes, like other human fears, is based largely on prejudices instilled in early childhood.

Many fantastic stories about snakes are still generally believed. One such story describes the Glass Snake which is supposed to break up into separate pieces and then reassemble itself when danger is past. Another deals with the Hoop Snake which is said to put its tail in its mouth and roll its way around the country. Then there is the old belief in the Milk Snake, a



This remarkable series of photographs from a high-speed camera...



...illustrates what actually happens when a rattlesnake attacks.



...SERPENT

reptile alleged to frequent barns and to milk cows. Another widely-accepted legend tells of the mother snake who swallows her young to save them from attack. The fact is, says Mr. Danforth, that a mother frequently will swallow her brood, but only because she's hungry!

This book, the author hopes, will help destroy the fiction that the snake is a dangerous enemy of man. Actually, he points out, of the 135 species and subspecies of snakes in the United States, only four are poisonous to man: Copperheads, Rattlesnakes, Water Moccasins and Coral Snakes. Many of the others could make nice house pets.

Ken

Initial action is a stab, not a bite. Below, rattler hits on soft sponge-rubber target, expending full load of venom in one strike.



THOUGHTS



WHILE POSING

HAVE YOU EVER shifted your gaze from an admiring study of a model's figure to pause briefly at her face and wonder what thoughts go on beneath that lovely exterior? When the shutter clicks, she may have a pouting look, or be smiling sensuously, but what are her real thoughts at that "moment of truth"? *Bella* presents, for fun, a few imaginary surmises. (cont'd)

JOYCE WINFIELD: Shall I cook something fancy for supper or just heat something out of a can? ... It's been a hard day.... maybe I should just eat ... now who can I get to take me out to supper?

LYNN CONNER: I wonder how I will look in this picture ... I wonder if my hair is set right ... and why do I have to chew my finger ... how can a girl look pretty with her finger in her mouth?



THOUGHTS...

MARA LINDSEY: I've had the sniffles all week ... I always seem to catch cold ... and I can feel it ... I can feel it ... there's a draft somewhere in this room ... I'm sure of it ... I'm going to catch my death of cold, maybe pneumonia, unless this sort of thing stops ...

GUS THORNER: I wonder if I left the water running in the bath tub ... I can't for the life of me remember if I left the water running or not ... I hope this is over soon so I can go home ... maybe by now the whole apartment is full of water ...





THOUGHTS...

HEATHER CHRISTIE: Oh, that itch on my right shoulder. If I could only scratch that itch on my shoulder for a moment, just the slightest moment... it's like the Chinese water torture, sitting here, not being able to move... oh, that itch is killing me...





They plunged 2,000 fathoms down to the bottom of the sea—deeper than any man had ever gone!

By CHESTER COHEN

MAN IS WELL ON THE WAY to conquering the last great frontier, the liquid expanse that covers seven-tenths of the Earth's surface, the sea.

The first big step was taken on February 15, 1964, off the coast of Africa at Dakar when two French naval officers went down into the sea in a record-shattering dive of 13,287 feet. No man had ever before gone down that deep and lived.

Their amazing descent was the culmination of some eight years of experimentation carried out under the auspices of the Belgian National Research Foundation.



Giant crane hoists bathyscaphe Calypso aboard ship for journey to Dakar diving area. Craft is near African coast before its record-breaking dive. Left, sea prepares apparatus for sea at Dakar harbor. Its hefty name derives from two Greek words, bathy, deep, and scapha, boat.



WORLD

UNDER THE SEA



The bathyscaphe, 120 miles off the coast of Africa, prepares for great plunge. Historic spot is where craft made record-breaking dive to depths of 1,000 fathoms. Before, French Navy cameraman snags vessel under water as dive begins. Diver checks watertight closures and seams for leaks.

... UNDER THE SEA

and the French Navy. Lt. Cdr. Georges S. Houot and Lt. Pierre Henri Wilim spearheaded the enterprise. The record dive was made in a specially-designed craft, the Bathyscaphe. This apparatus has two major divisions. The first part is a submarine-shaped "float" containing 17,440 gallons of gasoline, safety bunkers loaded with lead shot, and also filled with steel shot. The second section, a large metal sphere attached beneath the float, holds a two-man crew and various instruments for measuring depth and pressure.

The craft is submerged by filling an entry shaft running from the float into the sphere with water. To sink to greater depths, the special extra-light gasoline in the float is discharged. Surfacing is achieved by jettisoning the heavy shot ballast. Equipped with propulsion motors, the vessel can move horizontally under water.

(cont'd)



... UNDER THE SEA

In this strange contraption, Lt. Cdr. Houot and Lt. Willm spent many years of research, diving to various depths to test their equipment.

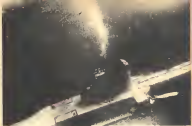
When they finally made their deep dive in 1964, they entered a world never before visited by man. They saw strange blind fish that "walked" along the ocean floor on thin, reel-like "legs." Giant crabs, measuring 20 inches across, crawled past their porthole, and there were weird, unidentifiable fish that burrowed into the sandy bed of the sea.

The observations made by Houot and Willm disproved the old theory that plankton — microscopic marine life — does not exist below 6,500 feet from the surface. The two men established that this stratum of life depends close to the bottom of the sea.

The study of plankton distribution in the sea may



Commander Houot and Lieutenant Willm dress preparations for their historic dive. They reached a depth never before seen by man.



Bathyscaphe plunges to floor of Baker harbor in early dive. Shortly after, vessel descended to bottom of African sea—13,127 feet

have immense practical consequences in the future. It may alter present-day fishing practices through study of the travels of the great schools of fish. The explorations of the bathyscaphe may also reveal the position of fertile areas of the ocean floor.

Such a study can some day lead to a new source of food supplies for an ever-increasing world population. Scientists believe that food may eventually be cultivated and harvested under the sea to provide sustenance for the over-crowded countries of tomorrow. These rich resources of the sea may in the future be exploited and farmed like land is today.

The two French naval officers' history-making dive has opened up a new world for man's ingenuity to conquer.

END

BOLD PIN-UP

When pert Betty Brosmer began modeling, some people thought she must be padded. They found out they were wrong. Betty is all Betty. Nothing else need be added.





If you've ever yearned to become a Don Juan, read this story. You may change your mind.

By ROW S. BLANCHARD

THE WAY TO BECOME a great lover exists in every man. No matter how staid, respectable or settled down he appears on the surface—deep in his personality there lurks the soul of a wolf or a roat. He dreams of himself as a mighty conqueror of women.

Such a life sounds exciting enough in movies and novels. But how much would the average man really enjoy such a role in real life?

The odds are that he would be miserable. In fact, the so-called great lovers of history were themselves high-

ly neurotic, unhappy personalities. Which is one major reason they became great lovers.

Take the most famous of them all—Casanova. What was the appearance of this "dashing lothario"? Was he a tall, handsome, devil-may-care swordsman with flashing teeth?

Hardly. Historians find he was "short, squat, astoundingly ugly, with a face pitted from the ravages of small pox."

Strangely enough, that very description holds the secret of Casanova's reputation as a great romantic figure. He had been such a repulsive youngster that girls would have nothing to do with him. He himself became highly sensitive to his own ugliness. So much so that he spent his life trying to prove to the world—and to himself—that he wasn't such an ugly specimen of masculinity after all.

Casanova convinced the world. But he was never able to convince himself. Most of his exploits live on simply because he described his love affairs in great detail in wordy autobiographies. There is no way of

SECRETS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVERS

...GREATEST LOVERS

knowing how many of these conquests actually happened—and how many were just wishful thinking.

But one thing seems certain. He could never get over the fear that people might find him repulsive. That was why he had to try to subdue every woman that crossed his path—and then brag about his victories afterward.

A parallel exists in the case of someone born into extreme poverty. Such a person may spend his life trying to make more and more money. Even after he is rich, he goes on at a frantic pace accumulating more wealth and more wealth. That same compulsive urge—that same striving—burned in Casanova, as in all great lovers.

But such men are not always driven by ugliness.

Lord Byron had a similar need to prove himself with women. But he was an exceptionally handsome man. This famous English poet possessed a clubfoot, and his romantic escapades can be interpreted as attempts to demonstrate that this affliction did not handicap him as a lover.

The same drive to compensate for some inferiority

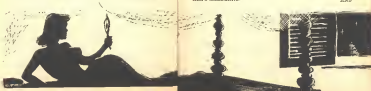
motivates history's most renowned romancers. Napoleon was the crude dynamo of many a love affair. His lack of height was the reason. He had to prove that shortness did not hinder or hurt his masculinity in any way.

Among the nobility, England's Richard III cut a wide swath among the weaker sex. But he was so extremely ugly that even men flinched when they had to look directly at him.

Such lovers, beset by inferiorities of size or physical deformity, did not want to prove they were merely normal. They had to show that they were superior sexually to other men.

A survey of the lives of these romancers reveals a great paradox: Their very lack of perfection was often the factor that made them attractive to the opposite sex. Psychologists note that women do not go for "pretty boys." Most girls idolize this type of male from a distance. For example, they may develop a crush on a handsome movie star. For more intimate relations, the average woman feels ill at ease with vain, overly handsome men. She appreciates beauty with femininity. So she favors the plain man, because he impresses her as more masculine.

END

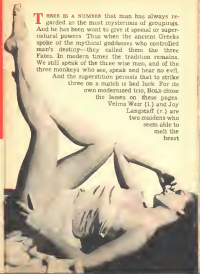




MODELS

3

The classic, medieval trio of women were always old and ugly. This modern threesome shows how much times have changed.



THERE IS A NUMBER that man has always regarded as the most mysterious of groupings. And he has been wont to give it special or supernatural powers. Thus when the ancient Greeks spoke of the mythical goddesses who controlled man's destiny—they called them the three Fates. In modern times the tradition remains. We still speak of the three wise men, and of the three monkeys who see, speak and hear no evil.

And the superstition persists that to strike three on a match is bad luck. For its own modernized trio, *Home* chose the lovelies on these pages.

Velma Weir (l.) and Joy Langstaff (r.) are two maidens who seem able to melt the heart.

MODELS

3



of any male, whether he be an ancient Greek or a modern American.

The exceptional beauty of Velma and Joy has helped them both become top-flight models on the West Coast. But an equally potent feminine charm can be found in the third member of this feminine trio—voluble Patti Waggon.

As a young dancer, Patti is rapidly making more and more members of the male audience aware of the values to be found in the terpsichorean art.

In the Middle Ages a trio of ugly and evil women became a symbol of fear and foreshadowing. The Sisters Three were ancient crones, and the weird sisters who moaned and groaned over their cauldron in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* were withered hags with prophecies of doom.

Bold believes that the average reader will find the three delectable females on these pages much more to his liking.

Ken



Death grimaces over Felix Greenfield's shoulder each time he does the "Bullet Catch." Twelve other magicians have died trying to perform it.

By WILLIAM LINDSEY GRESHAM

(Author of "Nightmare Alley," "Monster Anatomy")

MAGIC'S MOST DANGEROUS TRICK

STAGE MAGIC ITSELF, unlike knife-throwing and fire-eating, contains very little of the element of danger, but there is one classic trick which has killed at least a dozen performers in the two centuries of its existence: a bullet bearing a mark put upon it by a member of the audience, is fired by a volunteer and is apparently caught by the magician—between his teeth!

The last magician to perform this blend of magic and daredevilry was Theo Annemann who died in

Felix Greenfield braves himself to perform magic's deadliest trick.

MOST DANGEROUS...

1942, a suicide, a few days before he was to stage a full evening of magic to be climaxed by his masterpiece—the "Bullet Catch." Whether Annemann's tragic death was caused by brooding over the possibilities of his being killed or mutilated by a mistake in this most perilous act is not known. But audiences have recently been electrified by the performances of a young New York magician and mentalist, Felix Greenfield, who was a friend of Annemann's and who has devised his own secret methods by which the spectacular situation is accomplished. So far, he has had no accidents.



Assistant Linda Lombard carries bullet tray from which gun expert chooses bullet. Then he loads pistol to insure there is no trickery.

What Greenfield does is an obvious impossibility. So is everything else in a magician's repertoire. But here is the effect as executed by this present day miracle worker.

Before the performance, Greenfield issues an invitation to a rifle club, a police department or some branch of the armed forces containing riflemen. His request is for a selection of arms, a box of sealed ammunition and an expert shot for the occasion.

The feat can be presented either outdoors or on a regular stage.

On the afternoon or evening of the show, Greenfield introduces the volunteer assistant who will handle the rifle. He is always a rifle champion, the more prominent the better.

One of the rifles is selected by a committee and Greenfield never touches the rifle. The sealed box of cartridges, which has been purchased by a member of the committee who is above suspicion of any possible collaboration with the magician, is then opened by another committee man and three shells are selected. A celebrity from the audience is asked to scratch his initials on the shell.



MOST DANGEROUS...

casing of one and to place an identifying mark on the bullet itself.

Then Greenfield, with the committee watching him from all sides, takes this marked cartridge and bullet between finger and thumb and slowly hands it to the rifeman, who loads the gun. Two more cartridges are then inserted so that the weapon contains three. There is a backstop at one side of the stage—usually a bag of sand—to stop the bullets. The first shot is fired into this to establish the fact that the rifle is in good working order.

Greenfield next takes a thumb plate, holds it up in front of the backstop and calls, "Fire!"

The rifle cracks and the plate flies into a dozen pieces. The shooter throws the bolt, ejecting the second cartridge.

This time the marked shell is thrown into the breach. Greenfield stands calmly beside the backstop and calls for quiet. At no time have his hands been seen to come near his mouth. He cautions the marksmen, "Be sure to fire directly at my legs. To aim anywhere else might be fatal. Are you ready?"

The rifeman plants his feet firmly, brings the weapon up to his shoulder and lines up the sights. "Ready."

Greenfield raises his handkerchief. "When you see the handkerchief fall, that is your signal to fire."

A pause, either for effect or as a last gathering of determination.

The handkerchief drops. The rifle cracks. The marksmen spins and falls to the ground.

He seems dazed as the committee runs over to him.



Loaded guns and first pistol in photo series posed especially for **BOLD**. Onstage, only professional workmen handle and shoot guns. They must be above suspicion of trickery when loading and firing.



MOST

Then he shakes his head and draws back his lips. Gripped between his front teeth is a metal slug which he drops into a snuffer held by a volunteer, never touching it with his fingers.

It is a fired bullet, carrying on it the tell-tale scratches left by the grooves and lands of the rifle barrel. The celebrity from the audience comes forward and examines it and announces to the audience, "This bullet bears the marks I placed upon it a few minutes ago."

When the rifleman throws open the bolt, the empty shell casing is caught and examined and the initials checked. "Yes, these are my initials, all right. There

Under fire pistol directly on Greenfield's face. The magician relies to one side, supposedly waiting to pass from the impact of the bullet. Then he slowly crumples to floor of the stage.

DANGEROUS...

can be no possibility of trickery," says the celebrity.

And Greenfield takes his bow.

For when the bullet, apparently caught between the teeth of the wonder-worker, is taken to a police laboratory along with the rifle and matched with a test bullet under a comparison microscope, the scratches are found to be identical.

One skeptical group of sportsmen challenged Greenfield to let them bring an assortment of firearms and he accepted the challenge, but drew the line at a .475 elephant gun! The weapon selected for the test was a Mauser pistol, a souvenir of World War I, but it made no difference to the calm, scholarly Felix Greenfield. The Mauser bullet appeared, on schedule, between the teeth of the magician, accompanied by a tiny trickle of blood from his lip. Greenfield had again beaten the jinx which seems to haunt the trick.

The original version of this feat was done by illusionist Philip Astley in the 18th century. He used a ramrod with a secret cap at the tip. Spectators saw him drop in the lead bullets. Then he packed them on top of the powder of the musket, as was the custom, with his ramrod. Only, the lead bullet passed into the secret compartment at the end of the ramrod, and left when it was withdrawn from the gun, leaving the musket quite harmless.

Then began the bloody saga of the Bullet Catch. Some magicians depended on a switch from a solid lead ball to one made of wax. If they got their sleight-of-hand mixed up, they received a lead ball. One magician varied the trick by placing an apple on his son's

MOST DANGEROUS...

head, a la William Tell. The lad was eventually killed.

In 1918, the American magician Billy Robinson, who was billed as Chung Ling Soo, fell fatally injured by a bullet through the chest.

In the far west, a "snake-oil" doctor was using the bullet catch as an aid to his medicine pitch. A nutter in the crowd yelled, "Let's see yer ketch this one!" and sent a slug from his own .45 through the head of the nostrum peddler.

In modern times, the trick fell into disuse until a western magician, Orville Meyer, startled audiences by using a modern .22 caliber rifle. The old method of identifying the bullet—having a mark scratched on it by a member of the audience—was preserved. The idea captivated Annemann and together he and Meyer worked out the sensational version now being shown by Greenfield according to his own secret methods. Meyer, too, is still going strong, and no fatalities have joined the act in its present version.

Greenfield has originated many incredible magic feats. On his radio program, "Men of Magic," heard locally by residents of the New York area several years ago, he presented "mental magic" which he never claimed was true telepathy but rather preferred to call "slights of mind." As a sample of the weird goings-on which enlivened this program was this experiment he aptly titled "Moving With Solitude."—a celebrity chosen from the audience was called upon the stage of the studio and asked to select someone from the audience at random. This volunteer was questioned by the emcee as to where he lived, who was now at home, etc. If he

announced that his wife was now at home, minding the children, Greenfield would pass his hand over his eyes, think for a moment and say suddenly:

"I get an impression that your wife is wearing a blue-and-white check suit. I seem to see her lying on a couch upholstered in some pink material. And she is reading a book. Wait a minute—it's a paper-backed book. It's a mystery story."

The celebrity would then telephone the number given him by the spectator he had selected, would speak to the wife and verify Greenfield's "clairvoyance."

Now as far as this writer knows, no other mentalist has ever presented anything like this "experiment" which mystified the writer and every other magician and magic enthusiast who ever saw it performed.

But he will never claim it as genuine clairvoyance. He calls it "the magic of the mind"—and changes the subject.

Whether it is genuine or whether it is some "potent" mental faculty, it is clearly an after impossibility.

But as is catching a high-powered rifle bullet with the teeth!

Kee



Greenfield rises. In his reach, he holds bullet which spectators positively identify as the one that was loaded into and fired from pistol by Lindo.



BOLD COVER GIRL

To stretch out deliciously in her oversized bed in the morning, or to cuddle up comfortably in the small confines of her armchair after a tiring day's work — these are two of the chief pleasures that Kay Douglas finds in life. When she is not posing for magazines like *BOLD*, this lovely cover girl craves nothing better than to relax within



BOLD COVER GIRL

the cheerful four walls of her New York apartment. No god-about-ahs, Kay can never understand why other girls are so irresistibly drawn into leading hectic, supposedly gay night lives. "A model is never fully at ease in a nightclub," she complains. "You always have to be carefully made up, carefully



BOLD COVER GIRL

groomed, so you can live up to your publicity of being a beautiful girl. I prefer to stay home where I can be myself." A rarity among cosmopolitan careerists, Kay likes making fancy dishes and eating her own cooking. Her personality has that feline-like ability to become happily attached to her own special, familiar set of surroundings. At any rate, the dark-haired beauty gives a new slant to the old saying that a woman's home is her castle.





ALBERT DORNE



STEPHEN JOHN D'AMICO



JOHN HOFFMANN



AL PERNA



DENNIS MC LAUGHLIN



STEPHEN MCGINNIS



PETER LIBERMAN



ROGER WEISS



ROBERT SCHWARTZ



DICK MANN



BRUCE ROSENBERG



ALBERT BASSO

"We're who

BY ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrators

Do you want to succeed? If you don't know's it's 11 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Dan Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Dan knew nothing about art—ever doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzmarowski was hired with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Benetto is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his wage to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Dan Gelman of Detroit stopped up from railroad work to the styl-

looking for people like to draw"

ing department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginian who'd studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an office clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he was a national advertising contract. Recently, a huge contract named him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Brown—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show

—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings!

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kott—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for \$250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Ford had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a wealthy New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (and time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 8-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid \$1 for this test. But we'll send it to you free—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But mail coupon today.

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MALLOY THE INDESTRUCTIBLE

Murdering Malloy should have been easy. But the little barfly appeared to lead a charmed life.

By CRAIG FROMME

MICHAEL MALLOY stumbled into the Mermaid Tavern on a quiet winter evening in 1932. A group of cronies in the Third Avenue bar watched him with narrowing eyes.

"Poor old Mike," muttered Tony Marino, owner of the bar, "he looks not long for this world."

"The rotgut's killin' him," said Daniel Krensborg, another member of the clique.

"He's no good to anybody," said Frank Pasqua, a local undertaker. "He'd be better off dead."



Meanwhile, the old bum had approached Joe Murphy, the bartender, and was trying to mooch a drink.

Marino turned to his cronies. "You know," he said, lowering his voice, "it's amazing how insurance companies'll put thousands of dollars on a guy's life—esp'ly guy's?" The others nodded.

"There's an insurance agent, comes in afternoons," Marino continued with quiet insinuation, "doesn't mind makin' an extra buck. What do you say we get old Mike insured?"

(cont'd)



... INDESTRUCTIBLE

"And then?" asked Harry Green, the cab driver.
 "Then we let poor old Mike drink his fill — wood alcohol's poisonous."

The next day Michael Malloy was insured for \$1,000 in three policies, with double indemnities in case of death by accident.

From then on, Malloy was treated to a river of alcohol, much of it poisonous. But the old barfly seemed to thrive on the stuff.

His scheming bar companions went out and bought a can of sardines. They opened it and let it rot for a week. Then they chopped up the can, mixed the pieces of tin with the putrefied sardines.

"Promote poisonin'," said Marino. "Never misses."
 "Tasty," said Malloy, after he had finished the mess — and he had another drink.

The gang took the drunken Irishman to a park, stripped him and left him all night in the snow.

Pasqua, the undertaker, got a bad sore throat, but Malloy was in the next evening, clamoring for the usual. "Caught a little cold last night," he said.

The next morning, the iron man was found bleeding on a side street. He had been run over twice, and had a fractured skull, concussion of the brain and a broken shoulder.

A week later, Malloy was back at the Mermaid Tavern.

The would-be murderers let him drink himself into insensibility. Then they took the alcoholic to a furn-

ished room, put a gas pipe in his mouth, and turned on the gas.

That finally did it. Malloy was dead. Pasqua burned the unfortunate drunk; the insurance company paid off. Done, at last.

But somebody talked too much, and police exhumed the body of the little bum.

Harry Green, the taxi-driver, went to prison. The other three were sentenced to the electric chair.

The true saga of Michael Malloy has been recorded through the years in magazines and anthologies. And in the numerous bars along Third Avenue, the legend of the durable barfly lives on.

END



"You know Herbert Foreworth, who you often say you should have married instead of me? I happened to run into his wife little while today, and she agrees with you completely."

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BOLD



Fresh from a dip in the California surf, lively Jaydell Hartley perches on a rock and waits for the warm sun to dry her.